

Friends Don't Leave by PlaidDino

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-01-18 00:24:39

Updated: 2017-01-18 00:24:39

Packaged: 2019-12-17 15:00:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,506

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: AU. During the party at Steve's house, Barb finds the four other teenagers have disappeared. But she isn't going to stop looking for her best friend until she's safe.

Friends Don't Leave

A/N: Howdy! So, this is my first attempt at actually doing a continuous storyline, so I don't know how this is gonna go, BUT HEY, I figured I might as well give it a shot. This is one of two AU story ideas I had, both of which are actually kind of similar by concept, but I decided to do this one, because there is a distinct lack of Barb amongst Stranger Things fanfictions. Which is understandable, because, well... y,know. Anyhow, I hope you enjoy! ~PlaidDino

Barb really didn't want to be there.

In fact, in any other situation, she wouldn't have even vaguely considered going to *Steve's house*, where *he, Tommy, and Carol* would spend the night while *Steve's parents were gone*. But she was there for Nancy. To make sure she didn't make a mistake that could maybe (probably) ruin the rest of her life.

Yeah, right. Who was she kidding? She knew Nancy better than Nancy knew Nancy. Nance had stars in her eyes over the fact that she was noticed by these people, and she would join in with any activity they were doing. There was no way Barb could really stop her. She sat, resigned, as Nancy chugged down a can of beer.

"Hey, Barb. Wanna try?" Nancy asked, offering a can of beer and the knife the others had used to slice open the sides. Well, that broke the thirty-minute period where absolutely no one, not even Nancy, even looked at Barb. She had almost started to feel like a ghost for a while there. Good to know Nancy hadn't completely forgotten about her. Yet.

"What? Oh-No. No, I don't want to." Barb replied, but Nancy pushed on. Maybe *trying* to include her in on the... fun.

"Come on! It'll be fun!" Nancy insisted.

"No. I don't want to, Nance."

The others joined in. "Come on!" "Yeah, come on!"

"Nance, please." Barb said with a sigh, as her best friend looked at her almost imploringly. "Fine." She gave in, taking the can and the knife, ignoring the warnings blaring in her gut. *They're just trying to loosen you up*, her instinct said, *They're trying to get your guard down*.

Nancy wouldn't do that to you, right? Right? She wanted Barb to keep her from making any mistakes. Right?

"So I just-" Barb frowned as she clutched the can and braced the knife to cut it. Her hands were shaking. She tried to imitate how Steve and Nancy did it. It looked easy enough.

Except the can slipped. And her palm was sliced open. It stung violently. "Are you okay?" Nancy asked.

Barb nodded, her jaw clenched. "Yeah."

"Barb, you're bleeding." Nancy retorted worriedly. It felt like she could hardly move her hand. It hurt so much. Blood dripped from her hand and onto the concrete.

"I'm fine." Barb snapped, then she turned to Steve. "Where's your bathroom?"

"Oh, it's, uh, down past the kitchen, to the left."

She went, clutching at her hand, to wash off the blood. She wouldn't admit it, but her hand wasn't the only thing that stung.

While she was inside the house, repeatedly washing away the blood and putting soap on the wound, the other teenagers whooped and laughed as they leapt into the pool. The girls climbed onto their respective boyfriend's shoulders and started a chicken fight, creating silhouettes against the light of the pool that made them look like tall, humanoid monsters. Jonathan watched, photographing the moment from his hiding place, feeling a twinge of loneliness as he watched these teenagers enjoy themselves, as though they didn't have a care for anything in the world. Barb carefully wrapped her hand in toilet paper as a makeshift bandage, and she tried to apply pressure to her hand to keep it from bleeding further. She pondered anxiously

whether she should stay inside or not. She still had Nancy to look after.

The blood. It slowly stained the cement, as Carol screeched in protest when, during a splash fight, Tommy had grabbed her by the waist and taken her down under the surface of the water. Then, for a split second, the light of the pool flickered. The teenagers looked over at the light, stopping their antics for a moment. They didn't think too much about it, but admittedly, it was rather strange.

Jonathan didn't notice the light flickering in the pool, as he looked down at his camera for a moment. Then, when he did look up, the light was completely off for a chilling moment, before it turned back on, and the pool was empty.

The four teenagers were gone.

It had grown strangely quiet. Barb wandered through the house after she had looked out the window and seen the empty pool. Had they come inside? No. She would have heard them. Then where did they go? She went outside, looking around, scanning the lines of the trees and every detail of the surroundings for a sign of life. Steam rose from the lit pool, which provided a small amount of light to just make out the beginning of the woods by Steve's house.

"Nancy?" Barb called. Silence. "Nancy! Where are you!?"

The cool, November air, and the eerie feeling of being left alone in the night gave her goosebumps. She could have sworn she heard something move over by the trees. Something in the bushes. Something walking. She rushed toward it, not stopping to think that going toward a strange noise in the woods could possibly be dangerous. "Nance?..." She asked, quieting down. The woods were so dark. She couldn't see anything. Or anyone. She backed away from the trees slowly, and then walked around to the front of the house, where her car was still parked, as well as Tommy's. Now, she didn't care if anyone heard her, she had to find them. "NANCY!"

When they woke up, they were still soaking wet. Which only made

things worse. It was so cold. The icy cold, breezeless air seemed to pierce their very core, and they sat up, looking around. They were in the swimming pool, but it was empty, and vines hung along the cracked interior. It seemed like it was night, but there was no way to tell.

"What..." Steve began as he examined the slime covering the side he had been laying on, mixed with the dampness of his clothes and skin. Tommy, Carol, and Nancy looked down at their own bodies to find the same, and they quickly learned that they had been laying in a film of slime at the bottom of the pool. They didn't have time to react, or even fit in a curse, because there was something near the edge of the pool. They heard it breathing. Rasping.

Something alive.

They looked on, wide eyed as what seemed to be a faceless humanoid approached the pool close enough to see them, and its face opened up like the bloom of a hideous, toothed flower and screeched, charging headlong from the edge into the empty swimming pool like a senseless animal, only driven by the scent of its prey. The teens turned to run, but were met with the wall of the pool, and Steve quickly redirected his attention to the pool ladder, which he climbed as fast as he could before reaching down and grabbing Nancy's arm and quite literally pulling her up the ladder.

"Come on!" He screamed as the monster fell over the edge and into the pool, falling onto its face and then scrambling to get back on its feet. Tommy lifted Carol up to reach the edge of the pool and she pulled herself out. Steve kept a hold on Nancy's arm, and Nancy grabbed Carol's as they fled as fast as they could, screaming in terror. "NO!" Carol protested, slowing the other two teenagers by pulling against them as she turned back. "TOMMY! We have to- we have to wait!"

Too late. They heard him screaming, and a terrible sound of ripping and crunching from inside the swimming pool. Carol cried out in horror and anguish as Steve pulled them both onward. "WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!" He exclaimed, running toward the woods so they could hide amongst the trees as soon as they went as far away as possible. Steve cursed, his stomach doing flips with sickness as his

mind finally processed what they had heard from that swimming pool. That, as well as the grossly thick air, made him feel like he was about to throw up. Carol was in tears. Sobbing violently, and she could barely see where her two friends were taking her. All Nancy could do was hold tight to Carol's wrist so she could comfort her later, when they were safe.

If they would be safe.